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THAT SATSUMA BRACELET

By Frank Lovell Nelson

Fearful Tragedy and Tearful Romance Cling to Small Ornament—Death of Lieut. Robinson Ends Queer State of Affairs.



HAIDA was in Chicago. This was enough to upset the daily order of Clarke and myself and make work out of the question. Just why she came I was not informed. Clarke, I knew, was not in active correspondence with her, and since our thrilling experiences off the coast when we had rescued her from the clutches of Count Armand de Loup and his band of devil worshippers he had not mentioned her name. But now that she was at a fashionable North side hotel looking, if it be possible, more beautiful, more queenly and more utterly fascinating than ever, he appeared to live and move in another world. For myself I could feast my eyes upon her by the hour, but I dared not, for the sake of friendship and loyalty and all that I held most dear in my association with Clarke, allow my mind to follow. My heart I knew already was lost beyond my ever regaining it. But it was a joy to walk the streets with her, to feel her presence at one's side and to share the conscious pride in the admiring looks that followed her whenever she appeared in public.

Right royally we entertained her in our humble apartments. Among the guests and second only to Thaidia herself in beauty was Katharine Randall. Clarke and I met her for the first time. She was a guest of the Armatage's and when our good and long-valued friend Mrs. Armatage telephoned asking the privilege of bringing her we were quite unprepared, despite Mrs. Armatage's glowing description, for such a vision of feminine pulchritude. She was Thaidia's direct opposite, a perfect blonde with the clear blue eyes and the pink and white skin that would have given her the face of a doll had it not been for the soul that shone through it.

Just then there was a ring at the telephone and Togo, our Jap boy, who answered it, said: "It's for Mr. Chief Ship."

The young woman alighted and the chief met her at the door and was closeted with her for some ten or fifteen minutes. When he returned his face wore a puzzled look and he beckoned to Clarke and whispered:

"I'd like you to hear Miss Atwell's story. I shouldn't be surprised if it was more in your line than mine."

"As I told Mr. Ship," began the young woman, "I am engaged to be married to Lieut. Morton Robinson of the army. He has been in the Philippines for the past two years, this being his second term of duty there. He will sail for home shortly and when he arrives we were to have been married, but with what I have to tell you unexplained I do not feel that I can look him in the face again," and her eyes became suffused with tears.

"It's the things he has sent me, the most beautiful things you ever saw, and now I haven't a single one of them, and what is worse I cannot explain how or why they disappeared. It seems like fate. Every single thing he has given me has been something to wear or some handsome piece of jewelry, and the very first time I have put any of them on it has disappeared as completely and as mysteriously as if it just melted into air."

"First it was a handsome tortoise shell and gold comb. It could never be duplicated in this country for I have searched the shops ever since for one. The very first time I wore it I lost it, and I never lost a comb before in my life."

"Then Lieut. Robinson sent me a beautiful little jeweled brooch in the shape of a stiletto. It was set with rubies, diamonds and sapphires he had picked up in Ceylon on his way out and he had them mounted in Manila. I kept it three months before wearing it, and then I was invited to a box party and the temptation was too great. I knew the fastening was secure and I was conscious all during the performance it was there but when I got home at night it was gone and I cried all the rest of the night."

"Then there was my wonderful cameo. Lieut. Robinson got it in Malta and had it mounted in the most beautiful native fashion in China. I wore it for a belt buckle and not only was the fastening secure but I took the precaution of sewing it to the belt. My best men have worked on every case except the last which Miss Atwell has yet to tell you," said the chief. "We have raked the pawn shops of the city with a fine-toothed comb and I believe Miss Atwell's father has spent pretty nearly the value of the articles in advertising bills. But tell him of the bracelet, Miss Atwell."

"It was a bracelet of medallions of

antique satsuma were linked together with curiously wrought bands of gold. I received it two months ago but I had been so unlucky with all the rest of his presents that I resolved never to wear it when I thought how I had lost the others, but what's the use of having nice things if you can't wear them?" So last night when I was going to a dance at the North Shore Country club I wore the bracelet. But previously I had taken it to a jeweler and had a little gold chain and padlock put on it in addition to the other fastening. It made it perfectly secure. More than that I had elbow gloves on over it when I got in the auto to come home. I know it was on my arm when I got into the car. When I took my gloves off it was gone.

"Now, Mr. Ship says you can help me find these things. Every one of them would be easily identified for

tury post. Soldiers are all about, bathing in the azure waters of the harbor, smoking and sipping drinks under the verandas. They are Americans. Back on the hills stands one native house of white plaster more pretentious than the rest. Upon its broad veranda swings a hammock and in it languidly reclines a beautiful young girl. She is dark of skin and hair and her deep black eyes glow like coals of fire. On her arm there is a bracelet of quaint and curious design. It is of satsuma medallions, like one that I have seen, linked with finely wrought gold.

"At the young girl's feet sits an officer in khaki and puttees. He is an American, and he lifts his boyish sun-darkened face to hers and his soul goes out to her in his eyes while she toys with the bracelet on her arm and answers his love messages in kind.

many candles are burning. Upon a bier of bamboo lies the body of a young girl. The bracelet is on her arm. By her side lies the corpse of a man in khaki uniform sobs as only a strong man can sob. Until the morning he is shaken with his grief. A distant bugle sounds. He arises and, unclasping from the pallid arm the bracelet he presses it to his lips and places it within his blouse next his heart."

"I see a fair-haired girl in a beautiful richly furnished home. She is opening a box and from it she takes the bracelet. She is speaking. I listen."

"Oh, mamma," she says, "see what Lieutenant Robinson has sent me," and she holds the bracelet before the eyes of an elderly woman.

"I see the bracelet now upon the arm of the young woman. She is

advice," he said. "For I have never known your wonderful feminine intuition to be at fault."

"Then tell Mrs. Armatage just what you want. You can trust her. She knows her guest and knows how to act. If Miss Randall has the other ornaments my 'power,' as you call it, has not been at fault. If she has not, she doubtless can prove property rights in the bracelet. If there has been any dishonesty you may be sure Mrs. Armatage is not the woman to shield it."

And Thaidia was right, as she always is. Mrs. Armatage's eyes opened in wonder as she heard the story.

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed, when Clarke had finished. "Katharine has them, every one of them. I've seen them all on her dresser and admired them. Heavens, yes, they may have been advertised. I never look at the classified columns. And I never asked Katharine where she got them. But, Mr. Clarke, there can't be anything wrong. Katharine is in her room now and just to prove my faith in her I'll call her down here and before all of you ask her where she got these trinkets. There cannot be anything wrong with my little Katharine."

"Oh, yes, there can be, aunty," wailed a tear-choked voice, and a fair-haired girl staggered from behind the portiere and emptied into the lap of the astonished Mrs. Armatage a tortoise comb, a cameo, a jeweled stiletto brooch and a medallion bracelet. Then she fell at Mrs. Armatage's feet and burying her face in that good woman's lap, sobbed as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Armatage soothed her and she finally lifted her tear-stained face and said:

"Aunty, I am very, very wicked and I want to confess it all. I overheard you talking and I slipped down with the things and heard it all. You know when I first came to Chicago I told you how lucky I was. Every time almost I went out on the street I found some beautiful thing. I found all these. They were always lying on the sidewalk just as if some one had just dropped them. I knew they were not mine but I wanted to keep them so badly. I tried not to look at the classified ads., and from that moment classified ads. had a perfect fascination for me. Whenever I picked up a paper they were staring at me. At last I saw one. It just caught my eye:

"Lost—Satsuma medallion bracelet."

"I tore up the paper without reading any farther and told myself I hadn't read it. I had the bracelet repaired so it could not be identified. I never dared to wear any of them until this afternoon when I couldn't resist putting on the bracelet, and when Mr. Clarke said there must be a mystery about it I thought I should faint."

"Was the bracelet locked when you found it, Miss Randall?" asked Clarke, gently.

"Yes, I had to take it to a locksmith and have a key fitted for it," said the penitent girl as she rose and fled from her self-inflicted auto-da-fé.

"Do not be too hard on her, Mrs. Armatage. Just remember what a temptation these things would be to any of us women," pleaded Thaidia, as we said good night.

Promptly on the minute next afternoon Miss Atwell's big touring car rolled up to our door. We received her in the library and Clarke held in his hands a little jewel case.

"If this box contains the jewels you have lost and I restore them to you, may I exact of you a solemn promise, Miss Atwell?" said Clarke.

"I'll promise anything, Mr. Clarke," said the girl, impulsively.

"Then promise me first that you will never wear one of these ornaments but that you will keep them as sacred heirlooms for your children, when that time shall come. Second, that when you are married to Lieut. Robinson you will never ask him more than he chooses to tell you of his experiences in the Philippines; and third, if he ever seems to have a buried grief you will be very gentle with him and never for one moment let a pang of jealousy have a place in your heart. Do you promise all this?"

"I promise," said the girl, wonderingly, while her woman's curiosity struggled for the mastery.

Clarke's thoughtful tact was unnecessary, for Lieut. Robinson was destined never to become the husband of Miss Atwell. Before the war was out the list of officers killed in a punitive expedition against the treacherous Moros of Mindanao contained his name.

"And do you believe he really had a beautiful native wife who once wore those jewels?" I asked Clarke, when he showed me the paper.

"Sexton, I don't know," was all I could get out of him.

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A FAIR HAIR GIRL STAGGERED FORWARD AND CAST THE JEWELS INTO MRS. ARMATAGE'S LAP.

every one is unique. And besides I have one of the medallions of the bracelet still which was loosed so I took it out fearing to lose it."

Miss Atwell opened a gold chain bag that she carried and handed us a little medallion. I looked at it intently and a suspicion that had been forming in my mind became a certainty. It was identical with the medallions in the bracelet on Katharine Randall's beautiful arm.

Miss Atwell left with brightened face and as we turned once more to our guests Clarke whispered: "Make no mention, either of you, of the bracelet on the arm of the blond girl, Miss Randall, but notice if it has a link missing."

The circlet was complete. Not a medallion was missing.

"I will do anything you wish to help, Carlton," answered Thaidia, seating herself in a reclining chair.

Clarke quickly put her finger to her lips and then in the cataleptic state. Then pressing against her forehead the satsuma medallion from Miss Atwell's bracelet, he said:

"Look well into the past, Thaidia, and tell us what you see."

The voice came soft and cadenced like a message from the unknown: "I see a tropic port. There are white houses back upon a beautiful hill. White roads of shell twine their way up the slope. At its foot and running down to the harbor is a mili-

"But wait, they are speaking. It is Spanish."

"Translate it, Thaidia."

"It was so good of you, light of my life, to give me this beautiful thing," says the girl. "But you must not spend all the money your government gives you thus. Some day you will take me back to your own land and we shall need other things besides combs of tortoise and gold, and jeweled stilletos and cameos and this."

"They are nothing," answers the young officer. "Surely I may give pretty things to my wife, though they cannot make her more beautiful than she is."

"Your wife, Morton? Tell me again that the marriage is a good one. I know you gave the friar much money, \$5 gold, but there are times when I start out of my dreams and see the face of a girl, and she is fair and of your own race and I speak to her in the night. She tells me that I shall never see that far off country of yours. And then I look again and see her fair form and she has my comb in her hair, and my stiletto at her throat, and my cameo at her waist and my bracelet on her arm."

Thaidia paused in her recital and Clarke spoke:

"Follow the bracelet closely where it touches the lives of those who have handled it. What next do you see?"

"I see a darkened room in which

alighting from an automobile and as she puts her hand out upon the tonneau door a figure steps from out the darkness. It is the native girl who once wore the bracelet. No, that cannot be. She lay dead in a white house in a tropical isle. It is her astral self, for she removes, despite its fastenings, the bracelet from its outstretched arm."

"The bracelet, Thaidia; follow it!"

"I next see it upon the arm of a fair-haired girl. It is not the one who is in the automobile. Wait, I know her. I saw her to-day in this room. I see her now in a dinky shop. She is matching medallions from a tray held by a cowering Japanese with those of the bracelet. She finds one that is the exact duplicate and she takes off the bracelet and hands it to the Japanese. It has left her. I can see no more."

Our long acquaintance with Mrs. Armatage made formality unnecessary, and to Clarke's telephone message saying he wished to see her on a matter of importance and would bring Thaidia and myself, she replied that she had no other engagements and would be at home to us all evening.

So with Thaidia, now fully herself again, we proceeded by cab, after a light repast, to Mrs. Armatage's beautiful South side home. On the way Clarke told Thaidia the complete story.

"And now I shall be guided by your

LAME BACK PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of whiskey for lame back rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it as well as the other ingredients can be had from any good druggist.

BUSINESS MANAGER FOR CHURCH

Cleveland Institution Plans to Try a New System.

The Epworth Memorial Methodist church in Cleveland has decided to try a new system of church management. A business manager has been appointed who will give his entire time and attention to the finances of the church. As executive secretary he will collect the benevolences, dues of members, subscriptions, etc., and pay all expenses. He will serve as secretary of the standing committee of the church and keep a record of their business for transmission to the official board. This, it is expected, will leave the pastor free to give attention to the larger plans of the work and to his pulpit and pastoral duties. Epworth Memorial has the largest membership of all the Protestant churches in the city. It has an extensive charity work and handles over \$35,000 in contributions every year. Dr. G. K. Morris, district superintendent, strongly commends the innovation. "To my mind," he says, "it is the ideal of church government. I expect to see the plan adopted in many other cities."

15 YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Burning, Painful Sores on Legs—Tortured Day and Night—Tried Many Remedies to No Avail—Cured by Cuticura.

"After an attack of rheumatism, running sores broke out on my husband's legs, from below the knees to the ankles. There are no words to tell all the discomforts and great suffering he had to endure night and day. He used every kind of remedy and three physicians treated him, one after the other, without any good results whatever. One day I ordered some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. He began to use them and in three weeks all the sores were dried up. The burning fire stopped, and the pains became bearable. After three months he was quite well. I can prove this testimonial at any time. Mrs. V. V. Albert, Upper Frenchville, Me., July 21, 1907."

A Cure for Poison Ivy.

Before the skin blisters scrub the affected parts with a brush and soap and water. Then apply a saturated solution of sugar of lead in 50 per cent. of alcohol. The alcohol must contain some water. Pure alcohol would not dissolve the sugar of lead. This relieves the burning of the poison ivy, and it is supposed that the alcohol dissolves the poison and the sugar of lead neutralizes it.—Suburban Life.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Cure for constipation.

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